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SIMEON.

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(SEE PLATE.)

THERE is now and then a character introduced in Scripture, the description of which is alike brief and interesting; enough only is said to awaken a feeling of regret that we cannot contemplate the individual in all the features of his character and in the whole history of his life. We have a striking example of this in Simeon, a man whose history occupies but a few lines of the inspired record; and yet the little that is said of him is so intensely interesting, and appeals so strongly to the best sensibilities of the Christian, that one can scarcely repress an impatient desire to know something more of him than inspiration has been pleased to furnish. It becomes us, however, in all these cases, to keep down an overweening curiosity, and be satisfied to wait for an increase of our knowledge from the glorious revelations of heaven. One thing that endears to the Christian the prospect of Heaven is, that he may hope to meet there not only his own friends who have died in the faith of Jesus, but multitudes whom he has never even seen in the flesh, but whose example, as exhibited in their history, has awakened his veneration, quickened his diligence, and aided his preparation for his final rest.

It is impossible to reach anything beyond mere conjecture as to the question who this Simeon was; some have imagined that he was

the President of the council and father of the celebrated Gamaliel; but this, besides being a mere gratuitous assumption, is rendered improbable by the fact that if it had been so, the evangelist could scarcely have failed to record so honorable a circumstance. We know that he was an inhabitant of Jerusalem; that he was a person of most exemplary piety; that he lived in devout expectation of the Messiah—the consolation of Israel; and that he was occasionally favored with extraordinary divine communications, one of which was that he should not die till he had actually beheld the promised Saviour.

True piety has substantially the same characteristics in all ages. The piety of the patriarchs and prophets and all the ancient saints was constituted of the same elements with that which glows in the bosoms of Christians at the present day. Moses, and David, and Simeon had the same faith and hope, the same humility, and love, and zeal, and sense of dependence on God, that were evinced by Paul and Stephen, by Brainard and Edwards, and that are still felt and manifested by every true disciple of Christ. And yet after all, the piety of the ancient dispensation differs from that of the present, inasmuch as the former existed in connection with a less extensive revelation than the latter; and it may reasonably be doubted whether even the

prophets themselves, who were the chosen organs of divine communication, and many of whose predictions are minutely descriptive both of the present and future glory of the church, had anything like the same amount of religious knowledge, that falls to the lot of the great mass of Christians at the present day. They, with prophetic vision, looked forward to a Saviour to come; and they recognized in their types and sacrifices the shadowing forth of his atonement; and they confided in its merits as the only ground of their hope of acceptance; but still they were by no means thoroughly instructed in respect to the whole Christian economy, and even the Saviour himself, notwithstanding the explicitness of his instructions, left some things to be more fully explained by his disciples. As knowledge lies essentially at the foundation of piety, we must suppose that as the knowledge of the ancient saints was less extensive than that of good men under the Christian dispensation, their piety had less expansion, and vigor, and symmetry, than Christianity is adapted to produce.

What reason have we for gratitude that our lot has been cast in this superior light—that we see the things which kings and prophets desired to see but were not permitted the privilege! Even the noblest spirits of the ancient dispensation, in the light of whose faith and piety we are accustomed to walk, saw only as in the twilight and mist, those objects which we contemplate in the brightness of noonday. But how does their example—especially, how does the example of Simeon, reprove us for the comparative indifference which we too often manifest toward our higher privileges! *He* was waiting in anxious expectation for the consolation of Israel. It was the burden of his thoughts, and wishes, and prayers, that he might be permitted to behold with his bodily eyes that Saviour, whom he had long been accustomed to contemplate with an eye of faith. But how small is the number even of the professors of Christianity, who, now that the Saviour has actually come, are habitually looking and longing for the tokens of his spiritual presence. We have the fullest assurance that our great High Priest, having accomplished the purposes of his advent to this earth, has passed into the heavens, and that he is ready to succor us when we are tempted; ready to help in every time of need; and yet how few of our thoughts and affections are directed towards him, how much are we inclined, even in our sorrow, to seek comfort from other sources,

rather than to cast ourselves at once in the exercise of faith on the "consolation of Israel!"

It was under a supernatural impulse that Simeon was led to visit the temple, just at the moment when the parents of Jesus had brought their child thither in obedience to a requirement of the Jewish law. Whether he came with the actual expectation of meeting the infant Saviour, or whether he only obeyed a divine impulse guiding him to the temple without any knowledge of the scene that was to pass there, does not appear; but whichever may have been the case, he arrived there at the very time for seeing a well known prophecy accomplished and the strongest desire of his heart fulfilled. By the prophetic gift which had been imparted to him, he recognized the child Jesus as the consolation of Israel for which he had been waiting; and forthwith he clasped him in his arms, and in the spirit of sublime rapture, burst forth in a strain at once devotional and prophetic, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." As if he had said, I have been waiting for this manifestation of thy grace to the children of men; I have been long contemplating him as the great subject of prophecy from the beginning of the world, and have been personally favored with divine communications concerning his approaching advent; and now at length mine eyes behold him, mine arms embrace him; what can I ask more? The purpose for which I have desired to live is accomplished—now let me depart and mingle in the scenes that are beyond the veil—let me bid adieu to all that is earthly, and go and take possession of that inheritance which Jesus is here on the earth to purchase—let me ascend to his Father and my Father, to his God and my God, that as I have waited to welcome him on earth, I may also wait to welcome him in Heaven, when he shall return to take possession of his mediatorial kingdom!

"Mine eyes have seen thy salvation." It is the language not of faint, wavering hope, but of assured confidence, not unlike that of the apostle when he said, "*I know* in whom I have believed." And many a saint since the days of Simeon has been able to appropriate this language to himself. Yonder is a disciple who has grown old in the school of Christ; who has been taking lessons at the foot of the cross, perhaps for more than half a century. Once his faith was like a grain of mustard seed; he had only a trembling hope of an interest in the Saviour; as he compared his inward exercises with the scriptural standard of piety, he greatly

doubted whether the renewing influence of the spirit had ever been exerted upon his heart. But the graces of the Christian have gradually become developed in his character; his spiritual vision has become more distinct, his spiritual affections more lively; the things that are invisible and eternal have become more and more the all-engrossing objects of his pursuit, and the evidences of his discipleship have in the same proportion become bright and satisfactory. And now in the maturity of his religious character, in the confidence that has been inspired by many successful struggles with temptation and corruption in a review of the many expressions of his Saviour's love which have cheered him in his onward course, he exclaims without one anxious doubt or fear, "mine eyes have seen thy salvation!" "I have beheld Christ—the great deliverer from sin and death by an eye of faith—I have seen him in the glories of his person and in the riches of his grace—I have welcomed him as my Saviour by a compliance with the terms on which he offers himself to me—I have heard him whisper in my ear the assurance that my transgressions are forgiven through the efficacy of his blood, and that ere long he will take me up to dwell in his presence and to sit with him upon his throne. Sure I am that this is no dream of fancy—Simeon saw not Jesus with the eye of sense more clearly than I see him by an eye of faith. And why may I not say, as he did, let me depart in peace? Why should I wish to remain longer in this world of strife, and wo, and sin, when the great end of my life has been accomplished in my being brought into union with my Saviour? I would not indeed decline any service or any suffering which he may appoint to me on earth—I would be reconciled to his will, even though his will should be that I should be detained yet many years from the glories of his presence; but so far as my own personal comfort is concerned, I would say, let me depart—

"Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day."

Who needs be told that this language of Simeon has often been upon the lips of the dying saint, as he has been "lingering upon these mortal shores" in the full triumph of faith? Well do I remember a Christian—one of the most afflicted of all God's people—in whose heart the spirit of Simeon glowed, and on whose lips the substance of this very expression trembled, just as her spirit was taking its flight to its celestial home. Though years and

years have passed away since I witnessed the scene, well do I remember the drunken husband and miserable children, and the many nameless circumstances of degradation around her death-bed; and equally well do I remember how she lifted her sightless eyeballs in gratitude to God that he had not left her to suffer alone—that the presence of her Redeemer dissipated the gloom of the dark valley, and that she had a delightful confidence of soon being admitted to one of the heavenly mansions. It was faith in Christ—it was her being able to say that she had seen God's salvation, that rendered her death bed a scene of so much triumph; and this is the secret of every triumphant Christian's dying scene. Wherever there is even composure in death, apart from a recognition of Christ as the conqueror of death, and the author of salvation, there is evidence of deep delusion—there is ground for nothing but dark and fearful forebodings.

But Simeon was by no means so engrossed in the contemplation of his own personal privileges and prospects, but that he dwelt with delight on the more general bearings and influences of the Saviour's advent; he contemplated him not only as the glory of his people Israel, but as a light to lighten the Gentiles. Even the apostles of our Lord, more than thirty years subsequent to this period, were yet so far under the dominion of Jewish prejudices, that they were dreaming of the exclusive claims of their own nation to the privileges of Messiah's kingdom; but here was Simeon, in the spirit of prophecy, taking into his view the glory which the gospel was destined to spread over the Gentiles as well as over the Jews. And what he saw would be, it is our privilege to know has actually taken place. To the Jews was the gospel first preached; the Saviour not only by his personal ministry, but by that of his apostles also, offered himself to them as the "consolation of Israel;" and though they rejected him with disdain, and have continued to reject him through every succeeding generation, yet they will ere long come bending to him in humble acknowledgment of the right and the glory of his reign. And what the Jews in their infatuation and obstinacy have refused, the Gentiles have already in great numbers accepted—this light which Simeon saw and rejoiced in at its earliest rising, has been gradually mounting towards mid-heaven; and now the influence of its quickening beams is felt in a greater or less degree among a large portion of the nations. We are witnesses of the truth and the power

and the glory of that salvation which brought such rapture to the old waiting saint; and we expect with the fullest confidence that its triumphs will multiply and extend, till there shall not be a spot where man dwells that is not blessed and gladdened by its influence.

When the parents of the holy child heard this wonderful testimony of Simeon concerning him, and especially when they compared it with the miraculous circumstances of his conception and birth, their astonishment was excited beyond measure; upon which the venerable saint, in the fervor of devotion, blessed them both, and made another and most affecting revelation to Mary in respect to the destiny of her child. "Behold," says he, "this child is set for the fall and rising again of many in Israel, and for a sign which shall be spoken against;" thus clearly intimating that while he would be the instrument of salvation to many, he would become the occasion of a more aggravated condemnation to others who should reject his offered mercy; and that his appearance in the world would be such as if he were intended for a mark of contradiction and reproach.

Who does not know that this declaration concerning the infant Saviour has been most fearfully, most gloriously illustrated in the whole history of Christianity? What multitudes were there who rejected him while he was yet upon the earth; who, when his claims to the Messiahship were brought into the very light of noonday, still turned away from him as a wretched impostor! How the Jewish nation as a body refused to listen to his teachings, and poured contempt upon him as a malefactor, and finally, by their representatives, at least, imbrued their hands in his blood! And from that hour to this they have persevered in the most malignant hatred toward his character and his religion; and have uniformly evinced the same spirit which led their ancestors to cry out "away with him—crucify him." Nor is it by the Jews only that he has been rejected; but a large portion of the Gentiles also have followed in the footsteps of their unbelief, and have either openly refused to acknowledge the divinity of his gospel, or else they have held the truth in unrighteousness—their faith has been a mere prejudice of education, or a mere intellectual conviction, whose influence neither warms the heart nor controls the life. Look into any Christian community, even that which is most distinguished for the prevalence of true piety, and the great mass, though perhaps decent respecters of Christianity, give no evidence

that they are living under its power—on the contrary, they put it beyond all reasonable doubt by their habitual inconsideration, if not their open immorality, that they are at heart enemies of the cross of Christ. Now all those to whom the gospel comes, whether Jews or Gentiles, whether avowed infidels or professed Christians, who are not savingly benefited by it, will find in it the elements of a more fearful ruin. It *must* be so on that great principle of retribution which controls the moral government of God—"Unto whomsoever much is given, of him will be much required." Jesus Christ has been revealed to them as a Saviour; the redemption which he has accomplished has been laid open to them, and the offers of eternal life have been urged upon their acceptance; but still they turn away from it all with indifference or contempt; the light shines around them, but they will not admit it into their hearts; provision has been made for their salvation which has filled heaven with astonishment and transport, and which will awaken heaven's sweetest, holiest hallelujahs for ever, and yet they practically regard the whole scheme as if it were nothing better than the dream of a maniac. If it be true that they are to fall at last into the hands of a just God, can it otherwise be than that they will meet with a fearful retribution from his hand?

But if this prophecy of Simeon contemplates the Saviour as set for "the fall of many in Israel," it regards him also as set "for the rising again of many" more; for while the former is only incidental to his mission, the latter is its legitimate and gracious end. It is true in a certain sense of every individual, that is the subject of this "rising again," that he had previously fallen—fallen from the dignity and purity of his original creation—fallen from the approbation and complacency of his Maker—fallen into the depths of moral pollution, and into a fearful exposure to the miseries of an endless death; and it is in virtue only of the gracious manifestation of the Son of God, that he ever rises from this ruin—that he becomes not only the subject of a free forgiveness, but also of that spiritual renovation in virtue of which he becomes clothed with the beauties of holiness, and fitted for a residence in heaven. What a rising again in consequence of the Saviour's mission has there been already in various parts of the world! At this moment there are multitudes in this land, and in other lands, whose bosoms are but just beginning to heave with the breath of spiritual life—whose tongues are only beginning to be unloosed to speak forth their Redeemer's praises

in every revival of pure religion, how many are there who are the subjects of this spiritual resurrection, and who ever afterwards evince its reality by setting their affections on the things that are above! And hereafter as Christianity is gradually to extend its dominion in preparation for the great millennial jubilee, and for the final consummation of all things, the ranks of the risen and the sanctified are destined greatly to increase, insomuch that the earth's population will become emphatically a Christian population, and the world will be so far redeemed from the curse, as to reflect in no small degree the purity and glory of the heavens.

When Simeon uttered this prophecy, no doubt the parents of Jesus felt their hearts burn within them, in consideration of what they could comprehend of its glorious import; but how much more intense would have been their rapture, if they could have understood it as we do now, in the light not only of subsequent revelations, but of the experience of ages! Could they have realized fully the mighty work which the infant in their arms had come to accomplish, could they have viewed him in all the glorious characters which he was destined to sustain as the world's prophet, and the world's Redeemer, and the world's judge; could they have felt that it was before *his* bar that they were themselves to stand another day and be judged for all the deeds done in the body—with what untold amazement and reverence would they have contemplated their offspring! Let us, who are permitted to know more of the Saviour than even his own parents knew, who, though we have not seen him with an eye of sense, can contemplate by faith the glory of his entire character, and the greatness of the work he came to accomplish—let us render to him a homage proportioned to the light in which we are permitted to view him. As it is our privilege not merely to behold him in the manger, but to trace him from the manger to the cross, and from the cross to the throne, and to mark all the various stages of his mediatorial work, and to contemplate, in its final consummation, the exaltation to immortal glory of a multitude that no man can number—what shall be the measure of our gratitude, our reverence, our devotion, to such a glorious benefactor?

Simeon predicted that Jesus would be the occasion of revealing the thoughts of many hearts; and this prediction was fulfilled not only in the treatment which he received while he was on earth, but in that which has been rendered to his gospel ever since he returned to

Heaven. While he tabernacled among men he was an example of immaculate purity. His errand into the world was the most benevolent of all errands. He moved about continually on errands of mercy, and was never satisfied unless he was dispensing blessings to the wretched. At last he died for the salvation of the lost—died to exalt those to heaven, who deserved to suffer the miseries of the second death. Now, who does not see that the manner in which he was treated on earth, and in which his gospel has been treated ever since, furnishes a wonderful index to human character? The scribes, and pharisees, and chief priests reviled and maligned him, not because there was the semblance of moral obliquity in his conduct, but because his perfect innocence and purity was a constant reproof to them—because their diseased moral vision could not bear the bright light of his perfect example. The meek, the docile, the humble, cordially welcomed him; because their dispositions were in keeping with his requirements; or, rather, in the very act of receiving him, these graces were imparted to them and began to shine out in their character. And Christ is still, in this sense, a mighty revealer of the heart. Who that has been accustomed to listen to the faithful preaching of the gospel, has not illustrations enough of this remark treasured up in his own recollection—or may I not ask, who needs look for an illustration of it beyond his own experience? The same glorious truths—how differently they are received by different classes! Some rejoice in them, and some rail at them; some behold in them an unspeakable glory, while others misrepresent and pervert them by the most malignant cavils; some hang upon the lips of those who proclaim them, and others assail them with bitter contumely. And are not the thoughts of these hearts hereby revealed—revealed not merely to the individuals themselves, if they would notice what passes within, but even to those who only see what is external, and remember that the outward conduct is the only index that man has to the heart of his fellow man!

There is a single clause in connection with this prophecy, that possibly might have been designed immediately to prevent the waking up of a spirit of pride in the Saviour's honored mother, in consideration of the singularly exalted character of her charge; for notwithstanding all the adoration that has been rendered to Mary for so many ages, as if she were clothed with all the honors of divinity, she, like all other of the descendants of Adam, had inherited

a sinful nature, and was liable to the workings of indwelling sin; and it was possible that she might even glory in an improper manner over her mysterious and exalted son. And nothing could have been better fitted to counteract any such tendency; than the assurance from a prophetic authority, that "a sword should pass through her own soul also;" in other words, that while *he* should be "for a sign that should be spoken against," *she* should be in some way or other a sharer in his sufferings. How much she may have suffered in consequence of the treatment which he received in the course of his ministry, we know not; no doubt, however, as she marked the bitter hostility which he everywhere had to encounter, and saw him always walking in a thorny path, the mother's feelings were often quickened into deep sympathy and even anguish; but who can conceive of what she must have endured, while she stood a witness of the closing scene? Jesus was her own son just as truly as if he had not been in any peculiar sense the Son of God; every filial virtue had shone forth in him in absolute perfection, and as a man, as a son, he had loved his mother with most exemplary tenderness—how indescribable then must have been her emotions when she saw that upon which the sun in the heavens refused to look, and in consequence of which the earth went into a fearful convulsion! Did ever mother feel the sword passing through her own soul more deeply, more sharply, than the mother of Jesus when she witnessed his last agony, and received the last token of his filial love?

Some commentators have understood this expression as denoting that she was not merely to suffer *with* Christ by sympathy, but to suffer *for* him by martyrdom; and there are ancient authors who affirm that the prediction was fulfilled in this latter sense. But whether the expression is to be considered in one or the

other, or both meanings, it obviously suggests the general reflection that in the midst of our greatest enjoyments, it becomes us to bear in mind that there are evil days yet to come; and that we should take heed that scenes of prosperity do not unfit us for scenes of sorrow. We should thankfully accept God's benefits whether temporal or spiritual, but we should endeavor to discipline ourselves to such a spirit of trust in his providence and promises, that when pregnant clouds lower, and dark days come, we may find ourselves still prepared to rejoice in the Lord, and stay ourselves upon our God.

It was a delightful meeting that Simeon had with the infant Saviour on earth; but far more delightful has been the meeting which he has had with the glorified Saviour in Heaven. Here he saw him brought a babe into an earthly temple; there he beholds him reigning in triumph on a throne of glory. Here he clasped him in his arms, and doubtless he smiled like any other infant; there he casts a crown at his feet, and Jesus smiles upon him; but it is the smile of an enthroned Saviour—that smile which constitutes in no small degree the joy of the ransomed. Here he foresaw that he was to live a life of suffering and die in circumstances of unparalleled ignominy; there he contemplates him as having passed beyond the reach of suffering, and as presiding in mediatorial majesty over the destinies of the universe. Happy saint, privileged to meet thy Redeemer and embrace him at his very entrance into this world, and privileged to maintain a blessed intercourse with him still, with multitudes who have passed beyond the vale! What Christian will not exclaim, "though I cannot like him embrace the holy infant, let me cling to the exalted Saviour continually with the arms of faith, and let me hereafter share in the glories of his immediate presence!"

TENNYSON'S POEMS.

WE live in versifying times. The virtues of a new medicine can be set forth, done to order into rhyme that sounds right well, and reads like poetry. We have seen the stock in trade of a country store-keeper, infinitely miscellaneous, advertised in verse that hobbled very little, and that possessed two essential properties of a poem, viz., a subject and an object; the subject being the goods, and the object to sell them. We have seen many a well bound book in which neither the one nor the other of these could be detected.

There is an upper class of versifiers who make it their business to deal only in intellectual, spiritual and even transcendental subjects; who with large imitative powers, an ear for harmony, and some skill in language, set to music the current doctrines, and fashionable feelings of the day, and not unfrequently their task is performed with such warmth and fervor, with such a glow of sensibility, that they and their friends are deceived into the belief that they are duly commissioned poets. On any clear, mild, moonshiny night, they are very numerous!

Let us not wholly despise this entire class of writers, for they too have their use; often putting an old but neglected truth in a novel and striking light, and serving the interests of truth as well as if they had first discovered it; as he who recovers the far-faded colors and lights and shades of some glorious old painting, serves the arts, though his genius could never have conceived the original. Let due honor be accorded him and the like of him. But that is not the honor of the master of the art he helps.

It is, we believe, about fifteen years since Mr. Tennyson first appeared as an author, he being then a member of college. We remember there was a decided disposition with some of the critics to treat him derisively as a candidate for poetical fame, and we still hear an occasional snarl, but meanwhile he has held on his way in the true spirit of a disciple of truth and nature, developing the riches of the mine within him, and revealing by signs and tokens which no art or labor can counterfeit, that "Nature made him a poet." He has faults, serious ones they were at first. His affectation seemed hardly pardonable in a man of genius. But still we see the warm-beating heart, and the deep, pensive meditations and communings of the poet's soul. We see in him powers adequate to far greater things than he has yet performed, and when we remember that he has yet, in the

ordinary course of things, to see his best days, and his brightest, clearest vision, we look with elevated expectation to the future products of his gifted mind.

But we commenced this article without the slightest intention of perpetrating a criticism or discussion of the general merits of Tennyson's poetry. We wished our readers to share with us the pleasure we had experienced in several passages of his works, and which have haunted us with their strange sweetness, not only in the still night-hours, but when jostled on all sides in the crowded mart. So true, so melancholy, so life-like and holy, they stood within the door of our heart, and waved to all the world with a motion that seemed to mean

"Procul, O! procul este profani."

We do not know that we can turn to a more touching specimen of our author than the "May Queen," in three parts. In the first part is introduced a beautiful young maiden, just awaking to the consciousness of her charms and the power which beauty gives her. To-morrow is the opening of May, and she has been chosen as Queen of May, which to her young and bounding heart is an event quite equal in importance to any truly regal coronation.

"So you must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear,
To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of all the glad New Year;
To-morrow 'll be of all the year, the maddest, merriest day,
For I'm to be Queen of the May, mother I'm to be Queen of the May."

The second part of the poem is entitled "New-Year's Eve." This gay, bright young creature here is the victim of consumption, and upon the couch of suffering she awaits the noiseless footstep of death, and the termination of her little life with all its hopes and pleasures. Of religion and its joys she has as yet no experience, though she strives to cherish a spirit of resignation to her inevitable lot. The love of nature is strong in her, and she would love to live long enough to see the first spring-flower.

"There's not a flower on all the hills; the frost is on the pane;
I only wish to live till the snow-drops come again;
I wish the snow would melt and the sun come out on high,
I long to see a flower so before the day I die."

She then endeavors to comfort her mother in anticipation of her departure, and gives her little directions about her burial, wishes her garden tools to be given to her sister Effie, whom she charges to train the rose-bush that she set about the parlor-window, and the box of mignonette. The third part, or conclusion, finds her still lingering while the full blown glories of spring are once more given to her languishing eye. She had desired to see the snow-drop, but here is the violet. Meanwhile the world within her has undergone even a greater change than the world without. She has seen the good clergyman and heard him preach words of peace; she has had a vision of the better land and of the light of God, and of the Saviour of sinners; and we have no longer a picture of forced resignation to a hard fate, but a waiting to depart and be with Christ, which is far better than to live. The sweet simplicity and touching pathos of the description our readers may judge for themselves:

"I thought to pass away before, and yet alive I am;
And in the fields all round I hear the bleating of the lamb.
How sadly, I remember, rose the morning of the year!
To die before the snow-drop came, and now the violet's here.

"O sweet is the new violet, that comes beneath the skies,
And sweeter is the young lamb's voice, to me that cannot rise,
And sweet is all the land about, and all the flowers that blow,
And sweeter far is death than life to me that long to go.

"It seem'd so hard at first, mother, to leave the blessed sun,
And now it seems as hard to stay, and yet His will be done!
But still it can't be long, mother, before I find release;
And that good man, the clergyman, he preaches words of peace.

"He show'd me all the mercy, for he taught me all the sin.
Now, though my lamp was lighted late, there's One will let me in:
Nor would I now be well, mother, again, if that could be,
For my desire is but to pass to Him that died for me.

"I did not hear the dog howl, mother, or the death-watch beat,
There came a sweeter token when the night and morning meet:
But sit beside my bed, mother, and put your hand in mine,
And Effie on the other side, and I will tell the sign.

"All in the wild March-morning I heard the angels call;
It was when the moon was setting, and the dark was over all;
The trees began to whisper, and the wind began to roll,
And in the wild March-morning I heard them call my soul.

"For, lying broad awake, I thought of you and Effie dear;
I saw you sitting in the house, and I no longer here;
With all my strength I pray'd for both, and so I felt resign'd,
And up the valley came a swell of music on the wind.

"I thought that it was fancy, and I listened in my bed,
And then did something speak to me—I know not what was said;
For great delight and shuddering took hold of all my mind,
And up the valley came again the music on the wind.

"But you were sleeping; and I said, 'It's not for them: it's mine.'
And if it comes three times, I thought, I take it for a sign.
And once again it came, and close beside the window bars,
Then seem'd to go right up to heaven and die among the stars."

The following stanzas close the scene; and amid the glowing magnificence of external nature, the bright sun shining upon a hundred fields in which her young feet have often rambled, she still discerns, with undistracted faith, brighter fields above, that eclipse all that is bright and lovely here:

"O look! the sun begins to rise, the heavens are in a glow;
He shines upon a hundred fields, and all of them I know.
And there I move no longer now, and there his light may shine—
Wild flowers in the valley for other hands than mine.

"O sweet and strange it seems to me, that ere
this day is done,
The voice that now is speaking may be beyond
the sun—
For ever and for ever with those just souls and
true—
And what is life, that we should moan? why
make we such ado?"

"For ever and for ever, all in a blessed home—
And there to wait a little while till you and
Effie come—
To lie within the light of God, as I lie upon
your breast—
And the wicked cease from troubling, and the
weary are at rest."

We remarked in a late article upon American poetry, the common and gratifying tendency of our sons of song, to base poetry upon truth, and to keep it in tune with nature. All that is of true and lasting worth in poetry lies in the soundness of its views of human life, and the condition of man in the world. To the poet who understands and feels this, nothing is commonplace, nothing trivial, and the most

common incidents of daily life are invested with solemn interest. Look at the simple, common occurrence, of a young girl's early death, as narrated and appreciated by Tennyson. He takes us, not to a pinnacle of the temple whence to see all the kingdoms of the world, not to amaze us with some vision of darkness, some crushing conception of vastness, or of reckless, wrathful power, rioting amid measureless, hopeless desolation, that, like Byron, he might make our hair stand on end and freeze our blood, which seemed to be the only object of one school of poetry; but by the side of a fast-fading maiden, smitten in her spring-time, and about to say farewell for ever to all things beneath the sun, teaches our heart to mingle with our common, frail humanity, to weep with it, and love it, and cleave to it. There he teaches us to be gentle, compassionate and kind, and accustoms us to scenes through which we are all destined to pass in the pilgrimage of life.

A well printed American edition of the works of Tennyson, in two volumes, was issued from the Boston press in 1842.

MUSINGS ON THE FUTURE.

A VARIETY of forceful and emphatic circumstances unite at the present time in imparting interest and solemnity to the topic of this paper. It is employing a multitude of the most earnest and reflecting minds in every part of the world. The prospects of Christianity are contemplated, not by the amiable enthusiast, not by the lonely and rapt prophet alone, but by all classes of those thoughtful persons who, not absorbed and deafened by the ever gurgling present, turn their eyes, to the slow rising curtain of futurity, and take earliest note of the tramp, and the shadows of coming events.

The originality and comprehensiveness of the Christian enterprise are strikingly obvious. Looking back to its commencement, we say its founders differed from all other men in the vastness of their aim, in the boldness of their plan, in the reach of their philanthropy. Most singular was it that a carpenter and some few fishermen should start from profoundest obscurity, and in the academy, the temple, and the grove, stand forth the authoritative propounders of a

faith, radically new, and utterly subversive of all extant systems of philosophy and morals—a faith which mocked the reasoning of sage and sophist—which grasped with the power, but without the peril or the blindness of a Sampson, the pillars of existing institutions, hoary with age, sanctioned by the millions of the living, and hallowed by the myriad millions of the dead—a faith which at first seemed like a reed shaken by the ocean, but which was soon to become an ocean rocking the reed, and burying in its bosom, the wisdom, and learning, and systems of the past.

Not less singular was the bold comprehensiveness of the evangelic scheme. Others had legislated for a clan, a province, a kingdom; this gave law to the world. Others had cautiously yielded puerile mysteries, and esoteric jargon, to the initiated few; this flung sunlight to the mass, to the ends of the earth, to Jew and Gentile, barbarian, Scythian, bond and free. Other systems, political and religious, had marked and checkered the earth with lines and

divisions, and arrayed its population in numberless antagonist squadrons to vex and devour each other; *this* proclaimed all men of one blood, with one common interest, and attracted them by blandest persuasives, to gather in loving unity at that most central and selected spot in the moral universe, the throne of "our Father in heaven."

Sad it is to think of the long delay of Christianity to complete the circuit of the globe. The causes of that delay, the obstructions to its march, we need not now stop to consider. At present, we remark with utmost confidence, that this devoutly wished for consummation may be regarded as neither improbable nor distant. A variety of circumstances betoken it. Events in the political and commercial world are tending to it. Faith and piety are waiting and working for it. The rapid and palpably apparent decay of the existing false religions of the world, are preparing the way for it. "There is not," suggests a popular author, "one healthy, prosperous religion among all the false systems of unchristian nations, with self-preserving, self-propagating power to be found. They are all in superannuation and wrinkles, in dotage and decay, and soon must fall into shapeless, unregretted ruins. Christianity, hale and strong, full of hope and love, full of impulsive power, is in the field, and Almighty God is with her. Her energies are not required for self-defence and protection, and she can expend them in philanthropic effort for the world's redemption."

Our mind has some time dwelt with interest upon this inquiry—What will be the effect of the universal prevalence of the Christian religion upon the *temporal* interests of mankind, upon the political and social condition of the human family? Thus far, history shows that wherever the faith of Christ has prevailed, it has exerted a prodigious power. We speak not now of its power to save the souls of those who embrace it, but exclusively of its action upon men, individual and social, in their present state of existence. We speak of its tried and ascertained influence, in civilizing and socializing man, in elevating and harmonizing society, in prolonging and gladdening life, in promoting literature, and science, and useful arts, in repressing the ravages of vice, and in reclaiming and cultivating the waste matter and mind of the world.

One effect of a universal Christianity would be a vast increase in the population of the globe. The arrest of vices which abridge life, the im-

provements in the arts which prolong it, the cessation of wars, following inevitably in the train of the gospel, will produce a vast and teeming population, hitherto unequalled in the history of the world. And while a universal Christianity even reduplicates the dwellers upon earth, she may afford them ample subsistence by quelling luxurious appetites, by instilling the precepts of frugality and industry, and by reclaiming the wastes, and wildernesses, and uncultivated gardens of the world. She may, not, indeed, make Sahara yield wheat, or vines and olives; she may not crown Zembla with eternal verdure; she may not restore the hanging gardens of Babylon, or the commerce of Tyre, or the grandeur of Persepolis; but she may pour over the territory of Palestine, over the valley of the Nile, over the choked and voiceless realms of the ancient East, a people like those, who, on Plymouth rock, summoned the wilderness to bud and blossom as the rose.

The Christian system is destined also, when supreme, to bless society by reclaiming from dormancy and perversion its wasted intellect. There is unroused intellect enough in this world, at any time, to ennoble it; there is perverted intellect more than enough to degrade and doom it. Christianity achieves wonders upon the mind, unequalled except by her wonders upon the heart. Over both, she stands with the grief of a Mary, and the benignant power of a Saviour at the tomb of Lazarus, and bids the hand and foot-bound dead come forth. The progress of Christianity, as noted in authentic records, has been equivalent to a series of intellectual as well as spiritual creations. In the islands of the sea, among the natives of our forests, and the benumbed tribes of the east, she has walked forth a quickener of the dead, performing a sublimest resurrection service over torpid and unconscious mind; and when her round of mercy is accomplished, and an awakened world shouts the consummation, this earth will present a galaxy of intellect, inferior in glory only to the intellect of heaven, resplendent not like the night heaven; with dumb and unshrinking orbs, but like the third heaven, with living and rejoicing spirits.

Such is the view of the future which even a sober and calculating philosophy is bound to take, and which the progress of time is daily changing from prediction to history. It was with this prospect before him that Cowper gave utterance to these glowing lines:

"O scenes surpassing fable, and yet true,
 Scenes of accomplished bliss! which who can see
 Though but in distant prospect, and not feel
 His soul refreshed with foretaste of the joy?
 Rivers of gladness water all the earth,
 And clothe all climes with beauty. The reproach
 Of barrenness is past. The fruitful field
 Laughs with abundance; and the land once lean,
 Or fertile only in its own disgrace,
 Exults to see its thistly curse repeal'd,

The various seasons woven into one,
 And that one season an eternal spring.
 One song employs all nations and all cry
 'Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain for us!'
 The dwellers in the vales and on the rocks
 Shout to each other, and the mountain tops
 From distant mountains catch the flying joy,
 Till nation after nation taught the strain,
 Earth rolls the rapturous hosanna round."

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

BY REV. RAY PALMER.

Music, as ordinarily performed, includes melody, rhythm and harmony. Any simple succession of pleasing sounds constitutes melody. Rhythm, is the adjustment of sounds to each other in a certain proportion, so as to produce variety of movement according to a definite law. A melody becomes rhythmical, when it takes time and accent. Harmony, is the concord of different sounds produced together. The air of a tune, in the common style of arrangement, is a rhythmical melody; of which the other parts, or the instrumental accompaniment, make the harmony. The entire effect of music, then, in its ordinary forms, is the result of these several things combined. You listen to a common choral tune, as performed upon the organ with its appropriate accompaniments; it strikes you as one whole; and if you have paid no attention to the nature of musical arrangement and execution, or have not reflected particularly on the subject, it does not occur to you but that the pleasure you experience is as simple as when you listen to the singing of a robin. But in truth it is a very complex pleasure. You have as its cause, first, pleasing sounds; secondly, variety in these sounds, a variety in accordance with a law which produces a regularly measured movement; and thirdly, the consonance of several series of sounds, all harmonizing with the leading melody and with each other. Or to state the whole more briefly, you have sound, measure and concord; variety conjoined with order, and diversity with sameness; all conspiring to the end of exciting pleasurably the sensibilities of the soul.

This analysis of the elements which are usually combined to produce musical effect, is complete in respect to pure music; i. e. music which aims to please the ear only, and not to convey ideas to the mind, or to awaken particular sentiments in the heart. But the greater part of the musical performances to which we are accustomed to listen, are designed not only to gratify the ear with melodious, rhythmical and harmonious sounds, but to excite the imagination and the fancy, and to inspire the soul with thoughts and feelings of some certain definite character. Music of this sort, adds two other means of effect to its own proper elements, viz., expression and language. The skilful composer so arranges the succession of sounds and the movement of his piece, as that it shall produce, when heard, distinct conceptions in the mind without the use of words; as, for example, in the Battle of Prague, is represented by mere sounds and movement, the marching of troops, the confusion of battle, the thunder of artillery, and the groans of the wounded and dying; or when words are used, the spirit of the music is made to correspond with their meaning and to heighten it. This is expression. In making use of language, music addresses the understanding and the heart directly; speaking out its meaning plainly, and leaving little comparatively for suggestion to supply. She borrows chiefly here from her sister Poetry, whose graces she blends sweetly with her own, while she also enhances their beauty and adds greatly to their effect. And thus the pleasure with which you listen to the performance of a

song or psalm, when its parts are all complete, is produced by the combined effect of melody, rhythm, harmony, expression and words.

The primary ground of the power of music to affect the soul, must doubtless be sought in the structure of our being. God has so constituted our physical organs and our spiritual sensibilities, as to render us, without our choice or effort, susceptible to the influence of music. Of this ultimate fact, any explanation is beyond our power. We cannot comprehend the nature of the connection between the outward impression of sound and the inward emotions thereby awakened; all we can say is, that our being is so adjusted to the laws of nature that the fact cannot be otherwise. Suppose an Æolian harp to be a conscious thing, and every vibration, as the wind breathed softly over it, to be a thrill of pleasure, and you have an appropriate emblem of your own spirit, as the tones of sweet music reach it through the ear. The production of enjoyment is immediate and direct, and the arrangement is an admirable proof of the divine Creator's goodness, opening to us, as it does, a source of rich and infinitely varied happiness.

But while the primary effect of music consists in direct action on sensibilities exquisitely susceptible to pleasurable excitement from such a cause, it owes no small part of its power to what may be called a secondary or indirect action. It excites the faculty of association, and thus calls up before the mind, with peculiar vividness, recollections of the past, conceptions of the absent, and imaginations of the future and the ideal. The power of music to produce enjoyment in this manner, is a matter of delightful consciousness with all persons of lively sensibility. It is in tracing the workings of this power, that we find the romance, or the poetry of music. There is propriety in saying that there is poetry in music; for sounds accomplish the same end as poetry, in transporting the spirit, as it were, without itself, filling it with images and visions, touching it with tender feeling, and inspiring it with desires for the pure, the beautiful and the true. And probably in many persons, this more remote pleasure, which is experienced as the soul revels and feasts itself amid the memories and the fancies which music has summoned up, is far greater than that primarily and immediately occasioned by the music itself.

We may refer for illustration to experience. There is some simple air which you used to hear in childhood. You sat, perhaps, at your mother's knee and heard her sing it. You

were then as cheerful as the lark, full of bright dreams and childish hopes, and surrounded with all the sweets of home and of parental and fraternal love. Years have rolled by. Those parents are in heaven. The circle of loving hearts is broken up, and they who once composed it are scattered on the sea of life. You are pressed with the cares and duties of the present, and the past is almost to you as if it had never been. But now and then, by accident, you hear the familiar tones of that old melody. It may be but a few notes or a single strain you hear. It is enough. It transports you back in a single moment; the days of buried years return. Loved ones long scattered reassemble. The dead come back to life. You are greeted again by a mother's kindly smile, and again your heart leaps with the joyous impulses of childhood. Music, touching the chain of the soul's associations, has wrought all this with a power surpassing magic.

Again, you sit by your open window in the twilight of a summer's evening. Your heart is pensive, or it may be sad. Soothed into reflection by the influence of the tranquil home, you are thinking as the features of the landscape grow indistinct and fade away into the shade of night, how all that is bright and beautiful on earth must fade and disappear from mortal sight, as the day of life expires and the shadows of the tomb come on. But, hark! the soft sweet modulation of a distant flute, floating on the still air, comes stealing on your ear. It enters into your soul. It seems to you like the unearthly tone of an angel's harp, it is so pure and perfect, and it transfers your thoughts to heaven. From meditation on the perishable and transient charms of earth, you rise to wander amid the glories of that celestial state where life and beauty are alike bright and undecaying. You are filled with the absorbing vision of immortality, and of perfection of being and of bliss. You weep, perhaps, but yet are happy. The spirit of music hath breathed upon your soul.

This effect of music on the suggestive faculties of the mind, has often been noticed and described by poets. Take for example, the following passage from the opening of the Sixth Book of Cowper's Task.

"There is in souls, a sympathy with sounds;
And as the mind is pitched, the ear is pleased
With melting airs of martial, brisk or grave;
Some chord in unison with what we hear
Is touched within us, and the heart replies.
How soft the music of those village bells,

Falling at intervals upon the ear
 In cadence sweet, now dying all away,
 Now pealing loud again, and louder still
 Clear and sonorous, as the gale comes on!
 With easy force it opens all the cells
 Where memory slept. Wherever I have heard
 A kindred melody, the scene recurs,
 And with it all its pleasures and its pains,
 Such comprehensive views the spirit takes,
 That in a few short moments I retrace
 The windings of my way through many years."

The following from a song of Moore is another fine example.

"When through life unblest we rove,
 Losing all that made life dear,
 Should some notes, we used to love
 In days of boyhood, meet our ear,
 Oh! how welcome breathes the strain,
 Wakening thoughts that long have slept;
 Kindling former smiles again,
 In faded eyes that long have wept!

"Like the gale that sighs along
 Beds of oriental flowers,
 Is the grateful breath of song,
 That once was heard in happier hours.
 Fill'd with balm the gale sighs on,
 Though the flowers have sunk in death;
 So when pleasure's dream is gone,
 Its memory lives in Music's breath.

"Music! oh! how faint, how weak,
 Language fades before thy spell!
 Why should feeling ever speak,
 When thou canst breathe her soul so well?"

The writings of Mrs. Hemans abound with allusions to that effect of music—whether it be the music of nature or of art—which it is our object to illustrate; and the whole conception in this specimen which we select, is highly beautiful. It represents a lady in sorrow and bereavement, sitting by the side of a stream and listening to the music of its sweetly murmuring water. None but a spirit exquisitely susceptible to the power of sound could have conceived it.

"Flow, Rio Verde—in melody flow;
 Win her that weepeth to slumber from wo;
 Bid thy waves music roll thro' her dreams;
 Grief ever loveth the kind voice of streams;
 Bear her lone spirit afar on the sound,
 Back to her childhood, her life's fairy ground:
 Pass like a whisper of love that is gone!
 Flow, Rio Verde, softly flow on!
 Dark glassy water, so crimsoned of yore,
 Voices of sorrow are known to thy shore:
 Thou shouldst have echoes for grief's deepest
 tone;
 Flow, Rio Verde, softly flow on!

Such is the power of music on the nicely strung susceptibilities of the human soul. From its effect in the production of a pure and often exquisite enjoyment as it falls upon the ear and vibrates on the heart, it is capable of ministering directly and largely to the substantial happiness of those who feel its influence. From its effect on the associations—on the springs of thought, imagination and desire, it is not only capable of producing pleasure, but of exerting a most powerful influence on character. How greatly it may be made to contribute to the moulding of the habits, and the refining and ennobling of the taste and feelings of the soul, can only be fully understood by those who have witnessed the results of actual experiment. As it would be almost an impossibility that persons born and reared in the midst of nature's richest loveliness, and who had daily looked on sweet green fields, and luxuriant groves, on lakes in their placid stillness and beautiful reflections, and mountains with their waving pines and graceful sweeps, should not have their minds filled with images of beauty, and their tastes more than usually refined; so it is inconceivable that children should be accustomed from their earliest years to the purest and best influences of music, and not have more tender sensibilities, a quicker apprehension of the touching and the beautiful, and richer treasures of deep affection in the soul.

Especially does it appear that it must be so, when we take into view the fact that music so generally employs, when it speaks to us, the language of impassioned Poetry. The lay of the minstrel, which of itself is fitted to work like a potent spell upon the heart, when music breathes in and through it, becomes possessed of seven-fold power. Perhaps there is no way in which thought can be carried into the depths of the soul with such effect, as when at once armed with the graces and energy of poetry, and with the life, and warmth, and soul-bewitching influence of song. And music, in the shape of popular songs, ought certainly to be regarded as one of the most powerful agencies that can operate upon the youthful mind. Unfortunately, a large proportion of this class of musical production is decidedly corrupting and pernicious in its character. The words are full of insipid sentimentalism; and the power of music is thus made a means wherewith to vitiate the taste and pervert the heart. There is great need of caution in respect to this matter, on the part of parents. If you set a young lady of fifteen to practise "If thou'lt be mine" or

"Love's young dream," for some hours daily, you cannot think it strange if she becomes *etereal* very rapidly. She is taking a most effectual method to set the soul on the chase of weak and foolish fancies, and to destroy all healthful feeling. Happily, there has been recently furnished, in various forms, a good variety of the lighter kinds of music, in which both airs and words are excellent—fitted to exert the most salutary influence on the mind. Let music of this character be made familiar at our firesides;

let the young sing and hear it from the cradle; let the mature listen to it to soothe the irritations of daily care, and to cheat weariness of its languor, and sorrow of its pang; and our homes will be more happy, and our hearts more warm and pure; our burdens will sit more lightly on us, and life pass more cloudlessly away; and we shall be more susceptible to those diviner influences which can fit us to join in the music of a brighter, holier world!

AUTUMN.

BY MISS MINERVA CATLIN.

The chill winds are out from their cold northern regions,
 Their blasts on the midnight are hurrying by,
 And veiled is the light of the night's starry legions,
 Beneath the dark pinion that shadows the sky;
 For forth on his wind-speeded car is he riding—
 The storm-spirit wrapped in his mantle of clouds,
 And far in her chambers the pale moon is hiding,
 Behind the dim folds of his vapory shrouds.

The dark gloomy boughs of the tall forests bending
 Their hoarse uttered music give forth to the gale,
 Like far ocean music its faint numbers sending,
 To swell the tone of earth's funeral wail;
 The low leafy voices that gladdened the summer,
 And lulled the young spirit with dreams of delight,
 Are lost in the tread of the grey pilgrim comer,
 Whose girdle's the rainbow, with garments of night.

The coronals all from the trees he is taking—
 The green leaves are withering under his clasp,
 The frail lingering blossoms the dells are forsaking,
 And e'en the blue violet shrinks from his grasp;
 All noteless and faded each flow'ret is lying,
 Amid a pale chaplet of dead forest leaves,
 Where sweet-voiced zephyrs are mournfully sighing,
 And Love for her nurslings so delicate grieves.

One thin frosty wreath on his forehead still lingers—
 A pale withered thing from the shrine of decay.
 While dipped in the fountain of Death, his cold fingers
 Baptize the chill earth with its shivering spray;
 And yet lonely Autumn, a heart-prompted greeting
 I give to thy season of fading and gloom,
 And see in the death of thy bright blossoms, meeting
 Strange grandeur and beauty to lighten the tomb.

And though thy shrill voices are mournfully weeping,
 Above the wild wreck that thy frost-work hath made,
 Though on thy cold storms in their fierceness are sweeping,
 To lay the last herbage in forest or glade,
 The still whispered tone of Jehovah is stealing,
 Through Autumn's rude breath o'er the page of my soul,
 Its lesson to leave and my life's volume sealing,
 For angels to open and blessed enrol.

So welcome thee, Autumn, sad season of wailing,
 Pour out the last tone of thy grief-freighted lay,
 And in the dim woods, where thy garlands are paling,
 I'll list till its echo hath faded away;
 And hoard in my spirit its low mournful sighing,
 That comes like the swell of Æolian strings,
 Till the cold mists of Death on my vision are lying,
 And the soul for Eternity stretcheth its wings.

BIOGRAPHY.

NEXT to novel readers, come, we suspect, the readers of biography, if we speak of numbers or of the keenness of their appetites. The principle which determines most persons in the choice of books is a disposition to hear particulars rather than study generalities; to view man in the concrete, not in the abstract; to survey the surface rather than measure the depths of human nature. There is enough of the nature of small talk and gossip in every lively biography, to interest numerous persons who would yawn over anything else.

Let no one suppose we intend to disparage biography as a means of instruction and improvement. The experience of a multitude of the best informed and best improved minds would veto such a notion; and the Bible itself would determine against us, since the spirit of inspiration has largely employed biography as the medium of its lessons of eternal truth and wisdom; and in this way rendered both intelligible and interesting to vast multitudes of minds, truths that had else never passed into common circulation. A well chosen list of biographies should therefore enter into every Christian library, and form a part of the furniture of the parlor table.

But what we wish to observe is, that this class of books requires to be read with more discrimination than is apt to be exercised by many. Young Christians, especially, with ardent feelings and earnest longings after "the good, the beautiful and the true," yet with mea-

gre knowledge of truth, often plunge themselves into darkness and doubt from which escape is not easy. It almost certainly happens that the young reader makes a standard of the hero of his book, and he struggles through the volume to find resemblances between his views, feelings, desires, aversions, and those of his hero. Sometimes the resemblance is seen or fancied, and then, although it may be a natural and not a distinguishing Christian trait in either, it is rejoiced in and thus becomes a means of self-deception. If, on the other hand, the resemblance be wanting, it occasions uneasiness, if not fatal despondency; and in either case it is mischievous. The *Life of David Brainerd*, excellent and valuable as it is to a discriminating mind, may be, and we have no doubt often has been, eminently injurious to persons not competent to distinguish the true from the false in religious experience. Many have read it and imagined that it was their duty to feel as sadly and to be in as deep and frequent glooms as Brainerd, and that they were no Christians if they did not doubt and almost despair as often and as painfully as he. They have consequently spent their lives in a manner not much more profitable or enviable than that of a papistical self flagellation, endeavoring to experience as much misery as was possible in this life. We have known cases that warrant language as strong as this.

Then again we have the life of Payson, of J. B. Taylor, and others, with their unearthly ecstasies when just on the threshold of heaven;

and here our young convert will endeavor to stretch himself to the full measure of his illustrious pattern, and to enjoy his overflowing bliss, as if glory came first and grace afterwards; as if a man just beginning to ascend the hill could see as far and realize the same exhilaration as the pilgrim standing upon its summit.

No individual should ever aim to be a facsimile or exact counterpart of any other individual. He should determine to do and to be the very best he can, in the circumstances in which he is, with the constitution and temperament of mind and body that belong to him; and doing thus, he will often find that he is not much like anybody, and yet that he is very far from being a nobody, for the spirit will bear witness with his spirit that he is a child of God. This feverish anxiety to be like somebody else (except Christ) leads to no good; and yet without care the reading of religious biography fosters this spirit. What we admire we naturally endeavor to imitate, without always considering whether it is practicable in our circumstances, or if practicable, whether its attainment will add to our spiritual riches. Let the reader borrow all the encouragement he can from the virtuous examples of the pious, and improve the warnings conveyed by their falls and wanderings from the Christian fold, but let him take his model and prototype of the Christian life from the precepts of the Bible and the faultless example of the great Redeemer.

It would add much to the utility of biographical reading, if while the book is in hand, the various incidents and general current of the memoir were made the subjects of discussion and comment in family conversation. Such conversation easily sustains itself in interest, and a judicious comment from the head of the family would be remembered, by the law of association, long after independent and abstract inculcations were forgotten. We might virtually enjoy at all times the presence of the excellent of the earth in our families—might recal the pious dead from the land of forgetfulness and silence to our firesides, and learn from their lips the lessons of experience and the consolations of virtuous endeavor. They being dead, yet speak wherever biography has embalmed them. And it is beautiful to think of, as we sit at home, that the choicest and best of our race

have silently ranged themselves on our table and book shelves, and wait for us to open communication and communion with them. Patriarchs, prophets, martyrs, are our guests, not reposing before us in the cold marble of the statuary, or on the dead canvass of the painter, but in our own living tongue, in "words that breathe and thoughts that burn." We have but to open the records, and they speak to us. In this synod of the faithful and good, this assembly of the just made perfect, our heart receives an unction, our faith is strengthened, and we say, "Lord, it is good to be here; let us build tabernacles for thee and these."

There is encouragement, too, to the Christian, in the contemplation of the long and illustrious line of Christian heroes, from the worthies of the Bible to the Schwartzes, the Martyns, the Howards, the Oberlins, and Franckes, and Elliotts, and Brainerds, and multitudes more of modern fame, men whose purity of purpose, loftiness of aim and largeness of heart, will be had in everlasting remembrance.

There is something unspeakably elevating in the reflection, that with such as these it is our privilege, and as we hope our choice, to be associated, however humbly, in the labors and hopes of the gospel.

"O when oft oppress'd and lonely,
All our fears are laid aside,
If we but remember, only
Such as these have lived and died."

Religious biography has been becoming an increasingly interesting study since the spirit of the Reformation, breathing upon the mind of Christendom, recalled it from its puerile stupidities to a sense of its dignity and responsibility. As the fabled Minerva burst from the brain of Jupiter, armed and complete in the gifts of a goddess, so sprung from this new and wonderful epoch, a race of moral and intelligent Titans. It happened a few years ago, that our earth, jogging along in her old path, suddenly found herself in the midst of a rain of stars, whereat was immense wonderment. Something much like that happened at the Reformation, and it has been raining stars ever since, much to the annoyance of the Pope, and the illumination of the world. So may it continue, as it doubtless will till the work of Redemption on earth is completed.

LETTERS TO YOUNG MEN.

BY REV. A. D. EDDY, D. D.

JOSEPH, OR THE PROSPEROUS YOUNG MAN.

You have already been invited to consider that model of excellence presented in the son of Jacob, the touching story of whose trials and successes you have often read. Drawn with such inimitable beauty in the Word of God, and so often rehearsed to you when in infancy, you are familiar with all its details.

We have spoken of the *filial piety* of Joseph already, and also of his *immaculate purity*, two of the most essential elements of excellence and promise in a young man's character, and which never stand alone. They always assure us of other endearing traits of moral worth, harmonious and auxiliary with these in the duties and relations of life, and which will sooner or later redeem our common humanity and secure it the favor of God. As without these there are remaining no redeeming excellences of character, so with these, hardly any other will ultimately be found wanting.

THIRD. Another element of excellence and security of success in the character of Joseph, was his faithful discharge of every immediate duty; his strict and prompt devotement to the present trust reposed in him.

If you look at him, at home with his father, or commissioned to his envious brothers in their pastoral occupation, there is a cheerful discharge of present duty, without the selfish, avaricious and proud calculations for future life. And in his artless simplicity, he rehearses his dreams, rather in obedience to a sense of immediate duty, than as understanding at all the revelations of the future. Into his own mind, these seem not to have entered, and he met them, not at all from calculations and plannings of his own, but from yielding to providences while industriously and faithfully discharging every duty that each existing providence or new relation demanded.

It was thus that he advanced, and rose step by step, till from an abused child in Canaan, he became the support, the hope and honor of his father's house; from a slave sold to barbarians, the prime minister of the richest and mightiest kingdom on the face of the globe.

We cannot trace all the steps of this remark-

able advance and elevation. All I wish to show is, that in addition to his moral integrity, it was the uncommon devotion and faithfulness, with which he met every existing duty, that led to his subsequent success, and that, too, without any apparent calculation of his own.

It was the faithfulness, industry and spirit of Joseph in one station, that prepared him for another, and showed him worthy of a larger and a higher sphere.

And it was his experience and maturity, there acquired, and the confidence and respect there gained, which gave security and honor to every subsequent elevation.

A principle is here presented well worthy the consideration of every young man; and for want of due regard to which multitudes utterly fail of both honor and usefulness in life.

You cannot but be aware, my young friends, that in this age and country there is a restiveness and haste to reach, as by an early and solitary leap, the point, the proud elevation coveted by the youthful adventurer. There is nothing like the slow, calculating, progressive, compacted growth, which all the analogies of nature and rich experience of success in life alike commend and demand.

It is emphatically an age, that must not only begin where their fathers ended, but starting at their advancement and elevation, would claim more wisdom and experience, as from intuition, with more enlarged resources than a lifetime of study, industry and success have given to the aged and honorable.

The laborious, the intellectual, the professional, the mercantile, the political, all seem to have caught the same spirit, and impatient of slow, natural growth, and maturing results of industry and study, are rushing to the goal, as if there was but a solitary prize for countless competitors, and but a solitary day for the race to be run.

Hence, instead of the modest growth, the manly majesty, deep-rooted, towering strength of the brave oak of centuries, we find but the gourd of the impatient prophet growing and dying in a solitary night.

My young friends, if you wish success in

life, that success which shall lead to honorable and lasting happiness, to your moral integrity, you must add a modest, patient, laborious industry. Do not so much aspire to elevation, as seek to merit it by a faithful discharge of the duties in the station where you are. If I may so speak, you cannot control providence. You cannot obtain an unnatural and rapid growth with safety. The plants forced into maturity by the artificial warmth of a winter sun, are only for immediate use, and early decay or are cast aside for the richer and sweeter fruits of a natural growth. You cannot rise at once to any lofty height, but to meet a sudden and a fearful fall. But you may ascend to any elevation by gradual steps of legitimate advances, and stand at length on mountain loftiness, with the stability of mountain strength.

Begin modestly, advance cautiously, acquire slowly, be contented with simple advancement, and that chiefly upon your own resources. Aspire not to be at once what others are; nor covet to possess at once what your fathers have acquired; but take a life to gain their station and their wealth, and when gained, it is your own and not another's.

But you will say, this is spending all of life in learning how to live and in preparing for its honors and its ease; that it is leaving only life enough to die, just when we begin to live.

Here is your mistake; your greatest error; your fatal delusion. Life consists, both as to its virtues and rewards, in the ever active engagements of the world. True honor, wisdom, highest usefulness, happiness, yea, holiness, are found, not in acquired, abundant, exhaustless resources of whatever kind, but in that steady, persevering advancement in knowledge, wealth, usefulness, honor and religion, which the ever active nature of man demands, and his immortal growth allows. This is the law of nature, of providence, of undying thought and ever wakeful emotion.

"An angel's wing would droop if long at rest,
And God himself, inactive, is no longer blest."

I have no hesitation in saying, that I consider many of the ordinary rules of life, in many, if not most of its departments, to be radically wrong, and hence have originated the failures, almost universal, of this age and country. The only sure basis on which any young man can build, he must himself lay. The materials of which he constructs it, must be his own, and what he builds thereon, he must himself acquire. His character his industry, his economy, his expe-

rience, his faithfulness to his calling and to every trust, must be his capital, and his claim to confidence and success. Without this, give him the credit of the nation, and he is a bankrupt. With it (the world shall witness), he never fails. Extraordinaries excepted, the growth, success, permanent elevation and enviable honor of such a young man, are just as sure as the growth, stability and living strength of the forest oak.

I know, my young friends, that from your ardent aspirations, I may incur the charge of checking enterprise, and suppressing manly spirit, and rebuking laudable ambition. No—far from it; I am seeking to awaken that enterprise, that spirit, that ambition, which are consistent with your nature and relations, and which will secure that, which such multitudes have sought but never found, or secured but to lose in a moment.

Look around you, and through the land, and who are the men that have succeeded and now stand firm? They are the men who rested upon their own resources and have been the makers of their own fortunes.

Every distinction, every honor, all wealth is empty, vain and vanishing, that is not acquired by long, faithful, honest labor of our own. It is no less true, that before honor is humility, than that the diligent shall be made rich.

Be humble in your aspirations and claims, and you will ultimately be honored. Be diligent and faithful in your station and calling, and you will certainly succeed. Acquire strength by natural growth, and you will stand secure. But vain is the hope of honor and success from too much foreign aid, from changes, from adventitious securities. Rely upon yourselves—nourish the native elements of your own growth, and you will honorably succeed in every laudable pursuit.

Thus Joseph, faithful to his father, to his heathen masters, to himself in the hour of peril, to his king when in chains and in prison, to the state when in power—every day meeting its duties, in every station its claims, from a shepherd's boy, he rose and rode in purpled honor and in princely power. Not a star, more bright and beautiful in heaven, than his name, on earth, admired and loved of all mankind.

FOURTH. The remaining element of excellence and security of success in the character of Joseph, to which I shall allude, was his strict regard to religion and the orderings of a divine providence. He trusted implicitly in the one, and never neglected the duties of the other.

We have already seen his early filial piety, so marked, so sincere, that the traces of the divine spirit were most distinctly drawn, promising and unfolding a character of heavenly worth. Following his submissive steps, you can almost hear the breathings of his piety from the pit where he was cast. Sold and led away from Canaan, his confidence in God is never shaken. In Egypt, he is an Israelite indeed. Through all those trying and varied scenes, he keeps up the law, and alive the piety of the faithful, and becomes at last the morning star of the day of deliverance for the millions of Jacob, an illustrious type of the son of God.

While I cannot enlarge upon the piety of Joseph and his faith in God's providence, you cannot fail to see, that it was this that became his shield of protection and the secret of his great success. He loved virtue and trusted in God. The law of the one, controlled him—the grace of the other guarded and guided his way.

You cannot conceive it possible for Joseph to have gone through what he did; met, endured, overcome, and rose so unspotted and triumphant, but from an innate love of truth and virtue—implicit trust in God. But with this, there is nothing inconsistent nor strange. All is natural, and just what we should expect.

My young friends, the age and the country in which you live, have prospects, temptations, duties and claims, which no man can meet without sterling Christian virtue and trust in God. *Lead us not into temptation*, should be your motto and your daily prayer.

My limits will not allow me to dwell upon either these prospects, temptations, claims or duties. But you must meet them all; and it is the precept of the Bible, and the injunction of true wisdom and experience, that you meet them *prepared*, and not with inconsiderate rashness.

You are to guard the interests of the state and preserve the piety of the church. You are to check the pollution flowing through the channels of the one, and keep unhallowed fire from the altars of the other. The aspirings of vain ambition, and the wiles of faithless intrigue and arrogance, you must rebuke and repress. False ministrations and mysticisms of the truth you are to resist and reform.

Let the obtrusiveness of ignorance and the proud assumings of immorality and guilt to the honors of political trust, find no countenance and support in you. Let the egressions from

the haunts of darkness and shame be remanded to their chambers of death, but never adorned by you with the honors of life. Let this be promptly done, lest you make the pathway of preferment, power and honor, to lie through the kennels of vice, and proffer the highest honor to the desperate gambler for the prize.

And as to religion, let me say, here is the only unfailing security for private worth and public peace. To the precepts of a divine religion, to the spirit of a heavenly Christianity alone, must you resort. Amid the laxness of a false theology and the frenzy of misguided ignorance, and the baseless hopes of formalism, cling to a spiritual, vital, experimental piety. Stop not at outward frameworks—pass the gothic towers, venerated service, cathedral chants and solemn rites of the temple devotion and the inner courts, till you reach the holy of holies and find your hearts bathed in the spirit of heaven and resting in the bosom of God.

As you look at the wasted honors of young men—the thousand blighted hopes of family and friends—that desperate resort which has led so many to disgrace, the prison, the gallows or the grave; as you see how pollution has paved their way to ignominy, violence and death, you cannot fail to see the necessity for a rigid virtue at such a time as this. Men, the most responsible and the most respectable, whose integrity had long been tried and found good, now yield and fall, and the character of the nation has been sinking over the graves of its long trusted, but now delinquent and ruined men.

Whether the business habits of the world are wrong and must be changed, or whether greater strength of religious principle must be secured to carry them forward, I will not decide. But I will say, that while these habits are *what* they are, nothing but Christian principles and trust in God will keep you safe.

My young friends, I am happy in addressing you to know, that I speak to those who recognize the Christian principle, as something more than ordinary virtue. You find in it, the deep experience of the heart—the vital energies of the Holy Ghost upon the soul—that which makes you Christians in the sense of heaven and in the hope of God.

I could not address you at all, but with the privilege and purpose of urging upon you the immediate attention to the concerns of the soul—amid this day of merey, to escape the wrath to come. For this, and every future good, we pray you trust in God, and like the son of

Jacob find your success, your glory and your hope, confiding in Providence and in Christ. Were I to open my whole heart and tell you all I know of happiness and hope, of success and triumph in life, I would, I must resolve it all into *trust in providence and faith in Christ*.

Watch the hand of God in all your ways. Listen to the monitions of his providence. Yield to the tender persuasions of his spirit. Remote from home, you may need a father's care. Perhaps from the skies, the anxious, sleepless eye of her that bore you looks down on every erring step, to weep, rebuke and recal from sin. Amid the busy throng, the rushing world of enterprise, the multitudes failing of

success and falling to the ground, we beg you to be wise for yourselves, and be careful and tender of the ten thousand interests allied to your own. We assure you, from experience, brief and imperfect as it is, no early success, no honor, no wealth can save you, can bless you, till, by faith in Christ and trust in God, you can look up in confidence, responding to the heavenly claims and proffers, Abba, Father.

Amid the scenes now opening around you—the rich displays of the grace of God, in majesty divine, waking the dead and giving life and immortality, we pray you, look to the God of Joseph, to the Saviour of the world. Prepare for life, for death, for heaven.

"OUR FATHER."

It was the remark of a celebrated French lady, that if our Saviour had done nothing more than teach men to say "Our Father," in the true spirit of the precept, it would have been a deed worthy of his visit from the skies. How rich in necessarily implied truth is this simple expression of two words! For example, how the idle and high-sounding distinctions which human pride has established, sink into nothing! This precept gathers the rich and the poor, the high and the low, the learned and the ignorant, the trembling slave and his haughty oppressor, and bids them bow together on a common level, and to say "Our Father," and makes them feel that they have one Maker, one common Superior. It teaches them that the cry of the most abject is as availing as the plea of a king, and that the dependence of the man of untold wealth is as entire as that of the starving, penniless mendicant. O what a lesson of humility would the spirit of this prayer diffuse through the human bosom, and what a happy brotherhood would it make of the now sundered, and selfish, and scattered sons of men!

Among the most melancholy effects of the reign of sin in this world, is man's estrangement from man. Once we were a family—sin entered, and we were scattered. Some toiled beneath tropical suns and acquired a dark complexion. Some framed new modes of speech; some new forms of government, and when, after a long time, we came to look upon each other's faces, and to hear each other's speech, we said

we are not brethren. We felt as strangers, and strangeness grew into jealousy and hate. We covered the earth with lines of separation. Rivers, seas, valleys and mountains, were converted from their original purposes, into barriers to keep us apart, to be passed only for purposes of aggression and revenge. At length the Great Teacher appeared, and committed to a jarring world this simple lesson; "When ye pray, say Our Father." As fast as the gospel has spread, this divine sentence has gone on with it. Already jealousies are abating; natives from afar salute each other. And as the gospel spreads in the spirit as well as in the letter, as it deepens and covers the earth, its population of every clime, and kindred, and people, and tongue, will assemble and bow down and say Our Father, and then will be finally established peace on earth, good-will to men, and glory to God in the highest.

Richer still, in inspiring truth, in winning, melting associations, is the title of Father to the Deity to indicate his relation and disposition towards us. FATHER! To those who had never offended, this were an epithet full of endearing love and joy. But on the ear of him who in the far off country of his prodigality and wo, looked for no succor, dared hope for none, and only waited to die unpitied and unmourned, how like music from the serenest heaven, must that name fall, and what streams of holy light float through the prison house of his despair!

It has been the manner of some theological writers and teachers to chill us with the idea that God is a lonely, inaccessible mystery—a stern, lofty, passionless intellect—a mind without a heart—a ruler without sympathies—a father without affections—a remote splendor, absorbed in the contemplation of his own glories. Such are not the views of the Deity we have been accustomed to cherish. We have learned from the Bible, and we trust also from some inward experience, to regard him as a being analogous to man; who thinks and feels in some sort as man does, and is capable of friendship, communion and dear familiarity; who comes down to men and mingles with them in their business, their rational pleasures, and in all their most inward griefs and joys; and all the riches and boldness of eastern imagery are employed to impress this view of the divine character. Hence, as the eloquent Herder remarks, among the patriarch herdsmen, God was a herdsman, calling out the stars by name as sheep, and feeding them upon the

azure fields of the sky. In the shepherd's tent, He was a shepherd—at the domestic festival, He was a guest—in the family circle, He was a father—to the pious, He was a friend, unbosoming even the secrets of his heart in the freeness of his intimacy. And this is the language of nature. All that is bland in the air, all that is fragrant in the odor and delicate in the tints of the flower; all that is beautiful and refreshing in nature, is but the manifested sympathy of God, the overflowings of a paternal heart infinitely generous and tender. This view of the divine character we ought to cultivate. If the God we conceive of be a cold, distant, unsympathizing being, such will be our character, for each man's heart is the counterpart of its God. But if we look with a devout and loving spirit on the kind, gentle and winning aspects of Providence, a kindred feeling will kindle in our breasts, gladdening our own souls, warming the circle around us, and augmenting all the gracious charities of life.

THE SONGS OF OTHER DAYS.

PSALMS LXX: 5, 6.

Ye stars that look so sadly down
On nature and on me,
I love, when all around doth frown,
Your gentle light to see.
But not to me that bliss belongs,
As when beneath your rays,
I sang those oft-remembered songs,
The songs of other days.

When in my childish strain of bliss,
I cared not who should hear,
Nor if upon the listener's face,
The smile of scorn appear:

No vain desire within me sprang,
No foolish thirst for praise,
As in my cheerful youth I sang
Those songs of other days.

Why falls the silent tear-drop near
The written page of thought?
Away! it is the only tear,
Those childish lays have brought,
Then when the memory of wrongs
My care-worn soul doth raise,
I'll sing one of those simple songs,
Those songs of other days.

C. W. B.

THE GERANIUM.

BY E. G. WHEELER, M. D.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

THERE are three distinct genera of plants, whose different species are called by the general name of Geranium. One genus takes this common name, Geranium; a second is called Pelargonium; and a third Erodium. The first, Geranium, is derived from *geranos*, a crane, so called because its pistil is long, like the beak of that bird. Pelargonium comes from *pelargos*, a stork, called thus from a like resemblance; and Erodium from *erodios*, a heron, from the same kind of similarity. All the genera are in the 15th class, but they are in three different orders. The Geranium is in the tenth order, the Pelargonium in the seventh, and the Erodium in the fifth.

We have given above, the generic names of the three interesting families of plants called Geranium. We need not, if we could, here give the common name of each species and variety, but for this information, we would refer our readers to those who cultivate the plant with all the care and interest that its beauty and elegance so highly merit. It may be remarked as a matter of no small degree of curiosity, that the geranium among plants is what the mocking bird is among the feathered songsters; inasmuch as in its fragrance, shape of its leaves, &c., it resembles many other plants. Some species derive their common name from another class of similarities, as the horse-shoe geranium, the beef-steak geranium, &c.

The beautiful specimen we give in the present number, is the Geranium Maculatum. The circumstance from which the generic name is derived we have already mentioned; the specific name, *maculatum*, is derived from the Latin, *maculo*, to spot or stain, the stalk and leaves of this species becoming spotted at a certain stage of its existence. It is called by the common name of crow-foot geranium, spotted geranium, crane's-bill, &c. It is a fine plant, growing from one to two feet high, and its large, delicate flowers render it worthy of some conspicuous place in the flower garden. The botanical description is as follows.

"Calyx, five leaved; coral, five petalled, regular; nectariferous glands, five, adhering to

the base of the five alternating long filaments; arils, five, one seeded, awned, beaked at the elongated top of the receptacle, awn naked or smooth within, strait." Stalk erect, forked, with pubescence running downwards; leaves opposite, from three to five parted, gashed, the upper pairs sessile; peduncles two-flowered; petals obovate. Flowers purple, delicately striped with red. Blossoms in June.

In this little plant we have beauty and usefulness combined, since it holds an important station in the *Materia Medica*; nor is it one of those vegetable remedies which has a comet-like existence, and then is buried in forgetfulness and neglect. It has long been, and still is, used by the most skilful and learned of the medical profession, and in many cases with marked advantage. The root is the only part used. According to Professor Bigelow's experiments, it contains a considerable proportion of tannin, and some gallic acid. He found the gallic acid to be indicated by the dark precipitation remaining in solution, but it differed from the acid of oak galls in not reddening vegetable blues, and not passing over in distillation. The following quotation is from Dr. B's pen.

"The *Geranium maculatum* is a native (American) plant, common about woods and fences, and conspicuous for its large, purple flowers in May and June. The root is horizontal, nearly as large as the little finger, tortuous and full of knobs. To the taste it is a pure and powerful astringent. It abounds with tannin, which is imparted in great quantities both to the tincture and watery solution, and appears to be the basis of its medicinal efficacy. It is applicable to all purposes of vegetable astringents, being surpassed by very few articles of that class. In various debilitating discharges, especially from the bowels, it has afforded relief when the disease has been of a nature to require astringent medicines. In aphthous eruptions, and ulcerations of the mouth and throat, a strong decoction has been found beneficial as a gargle. A dose of the powder is twenty or thirty grains, and of a saturated tincture, one or

* Eaton's Manual of Botany.

two fluid drachms. The extract of this root is a very powerful astringent, and may be substituted for kino and catechu."

Dr. Eberle, one of our most popular medical writers, says, "In the diseases of children where astringents are indicated, a decoction of it in milk, is a very convenient and efficacious remedy. In this form it has been a good deal used in cholera infantum, and I have myself repeatedly prescribed it in protracted cases with great benefit. He also states that in advanced stages of diarrhoea and dysentery he has found very beneficial results from its use. He mentions a chronic and very obstinate case of ulceration of the mouth, of which the patient was perfectly

relieved by the use of gargles made from this root, after a great variety of other articles had been unsuccessfully tried by himself and others. He concludes his remarks by saying that "from considerable experience with this medicine, as well as from the testimony of many other physicians, I am entirely satisfied that it is one of the most useful vegetable astringents we possess." Dr. Mease recommends it as very efficacious in restraining internal hæmorrhage, and Dr. Thatcher says that he has known the infusion to restrain hæmorrhage from the lungs in a very prompt manner. It is also said to be used with great confidence by the western Indians.

EARLY MEMORIES.

The memories of early years—
How fondly do they cling
Around the heart and soothe its woes,
With their soft murmuring!
And yet there is a sadness breathed,
Amid their sweetest tones,
As when of her fond mate bereft,
Some loving turtle moans.

The memory of a mother's tears,
And oft repeated prayer—
A father's kind, but firm reproof—
A sister's gentle care—
A brother's warm protection shown—
A school-mate's ardent truth—
These cluster round the later dreams
We have of early youth.

But soon the vision flies, and leaves
A sicklier gloom behind:—
We see the woes of hopes betrayed—
The sorrows of the mind—
The anguish of the bursting heart—
And all the ills we learn:—
Ah! memory's reflux waves are dark—
Why should they e'er return?

Why should they e'er return? Because
We need this constant strife,
To mind us that perpetual bliss,
Is not the sum of life.
The Future we have power to fill,
With joys that ever last—
The Present we may mould at will,
But cannot change the Past!

JULIAN CRAMER.

New York, Nov., 1844.

THE ROSE-BUD ON THE STRAND.

BY MRS. A. F. PILLSBURY.

I stood upon the lovely shore
Of a fair tranquil lake,
No wind swept o'er its liquid floor,
Its dreamy rest to break.
Before me, on its smooth, white strand,
A beauteous rose-bud lay,
Dropped previous from some tender hand,
Or careless thrown away.

The tiny waves curled gently round,
With tears for one so fair,
And sighed with pensive, murmuring sound,
That it should wither there.
'Twas vain! for yielding no lament,
All mutilated—torn—
'Twas dying in its banishment,
A lone and exiled one.

A bonny boat was gliding o'er
Those waters so serene,
And gaily glanced the splashing oar:
Ah! 'twas a fairy scene.
But silently I turned away,
And musing, stood apart;
That simple bud before me lay,
Mute emblem of the heart.

It told of severed friendships here,
On Time's bleak, dreary shore;
How the bright buds of Hope appear,
Then fade to bloom no more.
And when I speak that word, *Farewell*,
Or take the parting hand,
Sad Memory paints with magic spell,
The rose-bud on the strand.

THE TRANSLATION OF ENOCH.

It was sunset in the Eastern land—the land where man first trod the earth—whose flowers angels' feet had pressed—whose trees had been swept by breezes that had toyed with the trees of Eden—the land where the patriarchs lived and are buried. It was sunset. Beneath an aged palm, from whose roots a spring pure as crystal burst, sat an old man. A last truant ray seemingly lingered to shed a glory upon his snowy locks, or to rest yet a moment longer upon the pure waters of the spring, while afar off, the flaming sword that guarded the tree of life, flashed in the waning light. There was that in the expression of his countenance, that marked him as a pilgrim of earth—as one who had known its joys and sorrows. Still there was an expression of youth mingled with the lines of age, which seemed to have been caught from a far off land—such as a breeze that had

kissed the river of life, or bowed the branches of the tree of life might have brought, when it breathed upon his cheeks and swept his locks. There was a light in his eye as though he held commune with the spiritual world—a light that told of faith's high triumph. From the going down of the sun, came a golden cloud and stood over the palm tree. Soon it descended and mingled with the green branches of the palm—it descended to the ground and enshrouded the form of the old man, and then slowly began to rise, and the fluttering of wings was heard as if it had been sweet music—and voices in the air singing a hymn of immortality. Once the folds of the cloud rolled asunder, and the face of the old man beamed through—but it was the face of an immortal. "And he was not, for God took him."

C. A. D.

THE FOUNTAIN OF LIFE.

It is a curious and instructive fact, that the Scriptures uniformly speak of religion as our life, as that without which we are dead, mere bloodless anatomies, incapable of enjoyment and accomplishing no valuable end in the economy of the Universe. And never, in the strong but discriminating language of the Bible, does a man truly and properly *live*, till he loves the God who made him and the Saviour who died for his redemption.

No such language is applied to the lower orders of creation. They *live* and enjoy life, notwithstanding the absence of religious principle and feeling. As they roam the field and crop its pasturage, or visit the brook and quench their thirst, or lie down in the shade to ruminate or rest, they find the full measure of enjoyment of which their nature is capable. Their desires are all gratified. They were hungry, and they fed; thirsty, and they drank; weary, and they repose in unfettered and unanxious sleep. Look over the wide prairie and forest where man has not yet lorded it, and behold the different tribes of animals retired to their rest, in the dusk of the evening. The fowl has perched himself by the side of his mate; the beast has lain down in his lair; the timid sort are snug in their covert, their old rent-free homestead where they were born and where they will die. How quiet is the scene! Among all those shaggy sleepers there are no heart-aches; no withered hopes; no mortified pride; no wearied eye watching for the morning; no vaulting ambition planning for future advancement; no guilt-stricken spirit starting in its dreams with shriek and chill. O ye people of the wood and the field, how ye get the very balm of slumber and the entire satisfying of your nature, whether roaming or at rest, while we, your lords, shift, and fret, and ache with emptiness! Turn from their forest home to the abodes of men, to the city and the crowded mart, and see our own sort and kin as they hurry to and fro, jostling and elbowing one another all the way; hoping, despairing, weeping, rejoicing, laughing, crying, blessing, cursing; see the innumerable cross currents and eddies, and gusts of pride, fear, envy, love, hatred, that warp and whirl these pent up people in all directions. See these same people when the midnight clock has struck. Some tossing on straw, others on down, others pacing the floor, scarcely one sleeping quietly, balmily.

Awake or asleep all things are full of labor; man cannot utter it; the eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear filled with hearing.

Or cast your thoughts towards the myriads of living things that inhabit the sea—leviathan playing therein; shoals of dolphins riding on the crests of the billows, gladder than school-boys just let loose; and swarms of scaly fry skimming the flood or leaping into the air, or diving among the coral caves and treasure beds of the ocean, and then fix your eye on that ship, that floating citadel or palace of man's contrivance, as it looms up from the horizon and scuds on towards its haven, with its cargo of human ambition, pride, hope, selfishness. There may be more disquiet, more anxiety, more sorrow in that narrow cabin, than is felt among all the living millions of the deep. The millions of the sea, of the field and forest, *LIVE*. They are all answering the ends and living according to the laws of their being, and seeking satisfaction in objects suited to their natures.

Why is it otherwise with men? Doth God care for oxen and leave man to fret and fever himself with that which satisfieth not? No. The explanation is this. The animals around us seek their satisfaction in the things that were intended to satisfy them, and they are not disappointed. But we have a different and a higher nature, a nature which to be happy must be employed in other pursuits and satisfied with other enjoyments. We have wants which the brutes have not, and these are our deepest and most urgently earnest wants. They are the wants of our spiritual nature, and they can be gratified only by religion, pervading the inner sanctuary of the soul and becoming the shekinah of the heart. "The fear of the Lord is *LIFE*, and he that hath it *SHALL ABIDE SATISFIED*." Religion glowing in the soul, enlightening, purifying, expanding it, bearing it onward and upward for ever, is the true and only life of man, at once the light and aliment, the completion and joy of his spiritual and immortal nature. This great truth may be profitably pursued and illustrated by considering some of the obvious necessities of our nature, and the provision made by religion for their gratification. And here let each reader fall back upon his own consciousness, upon the felt restlessness and cravings of his own spirit.

1. WE NEED A GOD. We arrive at the conviction of this necessity not by labored argu-

ment and inference. We feel it, and skepticism has no power to allay or relieve that feeling. We were not made to be atheists. Our moral nature can never square itself to a godless creed. Why do men everywhere, in all ages, "feel after God if haply they may find him?" Why does "the heathen in his blindness, bow down to wood and stone?" "I believe," said an Alpine prince to a missionary, "I believe there is a God who made all things, who gives prosperity, sickness and death, but I do not know him, though I long to." This felt impression of the necessity and existence of a God does not depend upon any argument, or proofs from outward nature, or even upon revelation. The Bible, accordingly, never argues the divine existence. It takes it for granted. It views it as one of those great truths which every man intuitively perceives and feels, and which he would perceive and feel were the visible universe with its evidences shrivelled and swept away. Blot out all the records, extinguish all the lights exterior to myself, and there yet remains a record and a light within. Seal all the senses and shut out the universe, still the idea of a God is *shut in* with the soul and bound up with its own conscious existence. Now this thought troubles me. My conviction that there is a God is big even to fearfulness; it cleaves to me when I go out and when I come in; it is a part of me, living in my life so that I cannot tear it out nor hush it. It preys upon my soul, and yet vitalizes it. It at once consumes me, and nerves me with a new and mysterious strength. There is a strange unhappiness, a vague disturbance in my soul, and overborne, I exclaim in the spirit of the African prince, "I need a God—there is a God—but I do not know him!" O, reader, happy are you, if, when you have thus mused, religion came to illumine and redeem you, and leading you into the divine presence, and touching your lip with hallowed fire and your heart with filial love, taught you to say, "My Father, who art in heaven." The joy of the ancient philosopher upon discovering a principle in natural science, when he leaped from the bath, and ran in ecstasy through the streets, exclaiming, "I have found it, I have found it," was poor joy compared with his who has found God, and in God all those spiritual glories which satisfy and sanctify the immortal longings of the soul. He before felt that there was a God; becoming a Christian, he has found and appropriated this God, and he understands that to know this God is both life present and life eternal. It has been justly observed that

we need for the heart a being worthy of its whole treasure of love, to whom we may consecrate our whole existence; in approaching whom we enter an atmosphere of purity and brightness; in sympathizing with whom we cherish only noble sentiments; in devoting ourselves to whom we espouse great and enduring interests; and by attachment to whom all our other attachments are hallowed, protected, and supplied with tender and sublime consolations under bereavement and blighted hope. Such a being is God. To such a being true religion introduces and assimilates us. And who shall adequately describe the happiness which results from the discovery and love of the Christian's God? There is one word often employed in the Bible to express it, perhaps the best our language affords, and yet a word whose full import is not readily comprehended. *PEACE*. There is, says one, a two-fold peace. The first is negative. It is relief from disquiet and corroding care. It is repose after conflict and storms. But there is another and a higher peace, to which this is but a prelude, a "peace of God which passeth all understanding," and expressively called "the kingdom of God within us." This state is anything but negative. It is the highest and most strenuous action of the soul, but an entirely harmonious action, in which all our powers and affections are blended in a beautiful proportion, and sustain and perfect one another. It is more than silence after storms. It is as the concord of all melodious sounds. Child of God, hast thou never known a season, when in the fullest flow of thought and feeling, in the universal action of the soul, an inward calm, profound as midnight silence, yet bright as the still summer noon, full of joy, but unbroken by one throb of tumultuous passion, has been breathed through thy spirit and over the face of nature, and given thee a glimpse and presage of the serenity of a better and happier world? That was peace, the peace of God. It was a conscious harmony with God, and through him with the creation; an alliance of love with all beings; a sympathy with all that is pure, and bright, and good; a concord and oneness with the spirit and purpose of thine own Infinite Original. And this is happiness—this is *LIFE*.

In the second place, Religion is Life, that is, it satisfies the felt necessities of our nature, in its assurances of immortality. I long for existence beyond the present. The beast of the field and the fowl of heaven know nothing of this feeling. To-morrow does not concern him.

"Pleas'd to the last he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood."

It is different with me. I cannot enjoy life to-day, unless assured I shall live hereafter. I cling to existence; I long inwardly for immortality. I can bear all other losses but the loss of being. At the word annihilation, my spirit recoils and shudders, and lifts her voice to God, saying, O, my Father, let me live! Wither, if it pleases thee, the green and sunlit fields of creation; take, if it seem good, this hearing, that now drinks in all music, all sweet sounds and voices of friend and lover; take back this gift of vision, and bid to me

"No more return,
Day or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine,
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark;"

Take all; and leave me poor for ever, but O, my Father, let me live—take what thou wilt away, but, O, leave me that immortality to which my nature clings. Hast not thou, thyself, taught nature to give all that she hath for her life?

Now this strong desire of immortality meets no sympathizing, satisfying response, except in religion. The gospel brings life and immortality to light. Other witnesses may suggest expectation and hope, but this brings assurance. Other teachers may bid me notice the reviving of nature in spring, or the butterfly bursting from its tomb into beautiful life, as emblems of hope and promise that this body shall one day rise from the grave. But the heart refuses to confide or rejoice till it hears the gospel saying, "I would not have you ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him."

To the irreligious man, indeed, the doctrine of the soul's immortality must be a perennial fountain of bitterness. Said the celebrated Col. Gardner, speaking of his feelings while he was yet an unconverted profligate, "I often wished I was a dog." There were moments in the midst of his revels, when he wished he could give up existence, and die and vanish from being like a brute. And yet had he been brought to the point, he would have drawn back. Like every other man, his love of existence was stronger than that temporary wish. Like any other sinner in his reflecting moments, he found himself between two fires—tired of liv-

ing, yet afraid to die. Either prospect is dreadful. To think of death as an eternal sleep;

"To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot"

with the beast shocks you, your nature spurns it as a lie. To think of living on, a quick and vital thing for ever and ever, deathless amid the wreck of matter, unharmed amid the crush of worlds; to feel assured that amid the slow-moving cycles of eternity, your identical self must be somewhere, reaping the fruit of sin; that system after system may wheel away and still leave you reaping; that age after age and ten thousand ages may move wearily on, and still leave you reaping—this, too, is a fearful prospect. Annihilation is shocking. Immortality is shocking. The feeling appropriate to the condition might be expressed in the language of Milton's Satan:

"Me, miserable, which way shall I fly!
Which way I fly is hell—myself am hell."

Is there no relief then? Yes, here, and only here—in humble, heartfelt religion. Christ can throw the salt of grace into that fountain of immortal existence which is within thee, and then it shall flow forth clear as crystal unto everlasting life.

3. The religion of the gospel experienced in the heart, is emphatically our life, because it removes our burdens as sinners. It is not only true that all have sinned and fallen into a state of condemnation and corruption; but it is also true that all at some time, with more or less distinctness, perceive and feel it, sometimes most oppressively. This is the secret cause of no small share of that restlessness and corroding anxiety that is visible around us. Hence, too, the numberless devices to expiate their sins by penances, austerities, pilgrimages, and self-inflicted tortures, and thus quiet the tumult in their bosoms, preferring the utmost bodily suffering to the anguish of a wounded spirit. While a quiet satisfaction overspreads the face of nature, while guiltlessness and ease sit upon the expression of the dumb creature, man has a fire within, and carries a troubled conscience and a clouded brow. He feels like a condemned criminal, sunk in disgrace and loaded with chains. He is a miserable bankrupt under the law and government of God, overwhelmed with debt, and not a farthing to pay. Perhaps he has long tried to discharge the debt himself, by prayers and tears, by forms and ceremonies, by sacrifices and self-denial. Still it is unpaid—nay, the debt is becoming greater and greater.

The voice of the broken law waxes louder and louder, The soul that sinneth it shall die; Pay me that thou owest. The hand on the wall is writing, rapidly writing, Mene, mene, and conscience, the Daniel in his bosom, interprets, Thou art weighed and found wanting. O, sweet and life-giving at such a time, to such a man, is the evangelic message, that Jesus died to make atonement—to conceal that debt and wipe it out for ever. And the atonement that satisfies the claims of justice, will satisfy also the claims of conscience. The blood that expiated the guilt of sin, will allay the throbbings of a tortured mind. Come, then, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and he that paid the sinner's debt will give you rest. Your heart will then know a new and sweeter joy than earth ever gave. Its tempests will die away, and your soul shall be like the sleeping lake, not only tranquil itself, but reflecting the tranquillity of the skies. There may you look with pity upon the uneasy multitude as they inquire, "Who will show us any good," and communing with your own soul, and swelling with the joys of pardoned sin, you will exclaim, This is LIFE, and he that hath it shall abide satisfied.

4. And in the last place, religion opens to the social sympathies of our nature sources of boundless enjoyment. Man was created for social purposes and pleasures. By the constitution of his nature, he is a social being. The social affections, it has been justly observed, so quick to awake in the very moment almost of our waking being, are ever spreading in the progress of life, because there is no moment to the heart, in which the principle of social union is cold or powerless. The infant does not cling more closely to his nurse, than the boy hastens to meet his playmates, and man to communicate his thoughts to man. If we were to see the little crowd of the busy school-room rush out when the hour of play comes, and instead of mingling in some general pastime, betake themselves each to some solitary spot, till the return of the hour which forced them again together, we should regard it with as much wonder as if a sudden miracle had transformed their bodily features. Not less wonderful would it appear, if in the crowded city, or even in the scattered tents of savages, there were to be no communings of man with man, no voice or smile of greeting.

It is not good for man to be alone. A solitary immortality with all the stars for an inheritance, were charmless and blank vacancy. Such is the structure of our nature, that we

must be in communion with others. We are insufficient for ourselves. Otherwise we had been a race of wild and savage beings, without a country, a home, a friend; without cities or temples, unlovely and unloving. The world had been a wide waste, a dreary wilderness, and men scattered over it like the lonely and unsupported pillars of Palmyra in the desert; with no sunshine of the soul, no gushing forth of the heart, except in solitary self-complacency; no stirring of the spirit with the love of country; no ties of neighborhood; no fireside joys; no domestic endearments. It is pleasant to dwell upon this feature of the human constitution, and to think, too, of the varied provision made for the expression of the social affections. The human face seems constructed on purpose to mirror the kindly and social sympathies of the heart, to vary and kindle with silent expressions of friendship and love, so that without the voice, we see in the eye, the lip, the sunny countenance, the assurance strong of a friend's esteem, a neighbor's confidence, a child's reverence, a wife's affection, a parent's love. But besides these, there is the gift of speech, the human voice, with the sweet stops and tones of silver, its gentle, gracious, tender and pitying notes, expressing and invigorating those unbought charities of life, which find man everywhere, and bless him everywhere, in the community of mankind.

But with all this desire and all this provision for social enjoyment, who does not see that this life affords small scope, indeed almost no field for its gratification? Leaving out of view the contracting, dissocializing nature of sin and selfishness, how attenuated and brief, at best, are the social ties of this life! If we overlook the teachings of religion, their history is quickly told. Yesterday's surge threw us together on this isle in the universe—to-morrow's surge sweeps us off and washes out our very foot-prints. Who wept or laughed, who loved or hated, nothing remains to tell.

"Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
We are gone—and for ever."

This is not the view of things that satisfies our nature and its inward longings, when acquaintance and lover part and remove into darkness, and firesides are becoming desolate, and families and neighborhoods are melting away, and new and unknown faces are appearing in their stead. Sweet it is to turn away from the

inroads and changes of time, and reflect how the gospel provides for the social sympathies of our nature. Entering the heart of the disciple, it strengthens and hallows the social affections, and opens to him the communion of saints, and welcomes him to the fellowship and endearments of the household of faith. And thus the obscurest Christian is cheered in his struggle with sin and difficulty, by knowing that not only has he the favor of God on his side, but the affectionate sympathy of all the friends of God. And then beyond this world, what a scene opens upon the eye of faith! It was the hope of Cicero, a hope overhung with clouds, that he might be hereafter reunited to his old friends, when death should release him from this crowd and mass of corruption. And who of our readers has not experienced the same longing desire? Ye who have closed the eyes of those you loved, and surrendered to the grasp of the grave, those who by affection had become part of yourselves, the completion of your being, does your heart never ask to meet them again? Does it consent to part with them for ever? Nay, and more than this, he knows that he shall meet again all his best friends, all his spiritual kindred, and dwell with them in imitably tender affection for ever. Scattered apart though they may have been in life, buried apart in death, the day will come when they shall burst from the thralldom of the grave, and sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus, in the delights of unending friendship and love.

And now, beloved reader, we need not ask are you in pursuit of happiness? That we may safely take for granted. All seek it, but alas, the most seek it where it was never found, and never will be. Multitudes seek it in the same field with the beasts that perish, and too often in sensual gratifications which even pall the appetite of the brute. Bear with us, reader, in a few concluding observations. You have been created capable of the joys of religion and of communion with God. This distinguishes you from all other beings here. There is at least the appearance of reason, intellect, in some animals, but the moral sense and the capacity for religion are found only in man. The ox knows his owner, and the ass his master's

crib; it is your privilege to know, and love, and enjoy the Father of your spirit. Such is your intellectual and moral constitution impressed upon you by the Creator, that you were not only intended for communion with God, but you can never be satisfied and happy without it. The lower creation, the brute, the fowl, the insect and finny tribes find their position here in the air, the floods, and the field. They were made for nothing higher. They have no impress of God's image, no longings after immortality, no pantings after God. There is no aching void in his absence; no sense of guilt and destitution because they are not sons and heirs of the Most High. They were not taught to look up to God, but to man as their master. It is otherwise with you. Yours is a nobler nature, with ampler hopes and higher cravings. You cannot herd with the brute. Your supplies are not found in his pasturage. You cannot lie down with him and die as he dies. Your soul will still live, and its necessities will cry out for ever. Possessed of such powers, and marked for such a destiny, are you sensible of your dignity in the scale of being, and are you in fellowship and communion with the God who made you, through the washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost? Is God your chief good? Be reminded that God has made no other provision for your soul. As the great Creator, he stored the earth with every needed good for your bodies, and put all at your disposal, but he created no portion for your soul. He had made that so vast in its desires, so immortal in its existence, so lofty in its aspirations, that he could create nothing else vast enough or worthy to fill it; and he conferred himself with all his uncreated glories and riches. Vainly does your spirit seek repose and fulness in any other object. If the hand that made you should scoop the ocean's bed and lay all its hidden treasures at your feet; or beautify for you another Eden lovelier than Adam lost, and give you a diadem of stars, and the universe for a kingdom, yet withholding himself, you were a wretch undone; your heart would ache for ever, and burst out in an immortal groan.

THE PIOUS DEAD.

POETRY BY PHILOS.

MUSIC BY PEDRO A. ANDREU.

How

ANDANTE SOAVE.

calm - ly they sleep, Who si - - lent - ly

keep Their rest in the tomb! Whose hour of



light Has ceased in the night Of the grave's noiseless

The first system of the musical score for 'The Pious Dead'. It features a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. The lyrics 'light Has ceased in the night Of the grave's noiseless' are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, treble and bass, with a key signature of two flats and a common time signature. The piano part includes chords and moving lines in both hands.

gloom.

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the word 'gloom.' The piano accompaniment continues with similar harmonic and melodic patterns.

The third system of the musical score, concluding the piece. The vocal line ends with a double bar line. The piano accompaniment also concludes with a double bar line.

II.

Their wanderings o'er,
They sorrow no more,
Nor labor in care ;
There hushed is each tone,
The sad sigh, the moan,
The faint, sobbing prayer.

III.

Peace be to their dust !
They once put their trust
Where nought can corrupt ;
Now calmly they sleep,
The rest that they keep
Can none interrupt.

IV.

I heard one that said,
Lo ! blest are the dead
That died in the Lord.
Their loud swelling lays
In glad notes of praise
For ever are heard.

THE PARLOR TABLE.

THE Holidays are certainly coming. Our table is covered with beautiful books, many of them intended for gifts, tokens of affection; and what more suitable gift for one who has a virtuous and cultivated mind, than a handsome volume, breathing pure thoughts clothed in language elevated and refined? Many of the volumes now before us are in miniature, gems of books, that are as rich in their exterior, as they are attractive in their contents.

"The Family Circle," is the gathering of many of the sweetest productions of our modern writers, whose pens have been dipped in the wells of domestic love. Among them we observe "The Wife's Welcome," from our Magazine, an article that certainly meets a response in many hearts, as it has been travelling the land over, and is now incorporated among the gems of Longfellow, Mrs. Hemans and Schiller.

"Songs for the Sabbath," by various authors—a collection of poetry that will be loved by all the admirers of sacred verse. With the most of these songs we are all familiar, but good poetry improves in keeping; the oftener it is read, the more it is prized. Read this "Emblem of a Departing Saint."

"A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun,
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow;
Long had I watched the glory moving on,
O'er the still radiance of the lake below:
Tranquil its spirit seemed, and floated slow,
E'en in its very motion there was rest,
While every breath of eve that chanced to blow,
Wafted the traveller to the beauteous west.
Emblem methought of the departed soul,
To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is
 given,
And by the breath of mercy made to roll
Right onward to the golden gates of heaven;
Where to the eye of faith it peaceful lies,
And tells to man his glorious destinies."

Another miniature volume is called "Scripture Marks of Salvation," prepared as a help to Christians to know the true state of their souls. If the popularity of a book is a test of its value, this must be a good one, for it professes to be the third American, from the sixty-second Edinburgh edition. Fenelon's Pious Reflections for every day in the month, are added to the Marks, and are such thoughts as all who love truth in the quaint style of other days, will duly prize.

"Thoughts among Flowers," is the title of a book that our young readers will admire. It will awaken and cherish in them a taste for one of the most innocent and pleasing pursuits of

youth, the cultivation of flowers, emblems of purity and joy.

In still another volume of the same style, we have short passages from a great variety of eminent evangelical writers, whose choice thoughts are here reset under the title of "Religious Lucubrations;" it is a good book for the pocket, a "vade mecum," such an one as we love to have at hand, that we may select a passage for meditation when walking, or on a journey. Here is a sentence more than a hundred years old, and as true now, and as seldom illustrated:

"It is a greater virtue to forgive one injury than to do many courtesies, because it is harder. Many a man will do for another that will not suffer for him."

And again: "Let us dare to be guilty of the great singularity of doing well, and of acting like men and Christians; and then, if we can have the liking and approbation of the world, well; if not, the comfort is we shall not much want it."

"The Old Sea Captain," is the latest of Old Humphrey's productions, and one of his most entertaining. He is telling some boys all manner of stories about the sea, and with his stories he mingles shrewd and striking moral thoughts well calculated to make a deep impression on the youthful mind.

"The Rev. Dr. Sprague's Discourse" before the literary societies of Middlebury College and Brown University, is an elegant and instructive performance, inculcating those sound, conservative principles, which are the only safeguard of the Church or the State, in these days of restlessness and love of change. It is written in that chaste and polished style which is so characteristic of the productions of one, whose writings are not less distinguished for the correctness of their sentiment, than the rhetorical finish with which they are given to the world.

"The Reformers before the Reformation," is the name of a work of great interest just out, containing minute historical statements of the life and times of John Huss, bringing to view a period worthy of the careful investigation of the philosophic student. This volume is prepared by Emile De Bonnechose, Librarian to the king of France, and it is translated from the French by Campbell Mackenzie, of Trinity College, Dublin.

ERRATUM. In the October number, from page 199 to 203, for the name "Money" read "Money."



CHURCH AND SCHOOL OF THE BLACK FRIARS - DORNBIERN, AUSTRIA

Engraved for the Christian Doctor Magazine

W. H. Burdett

Nymphaea odorata

